

# THE Tattler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 7 Oct. 1959

PHEASANT-SHOOTING  
PROSPECTS

BY THE EARL OF LANESBOROUGH

HOW TO DO RIGHT BY LADY WINE-LOVERS

BILL NAUGHTON & ROGER HILL:

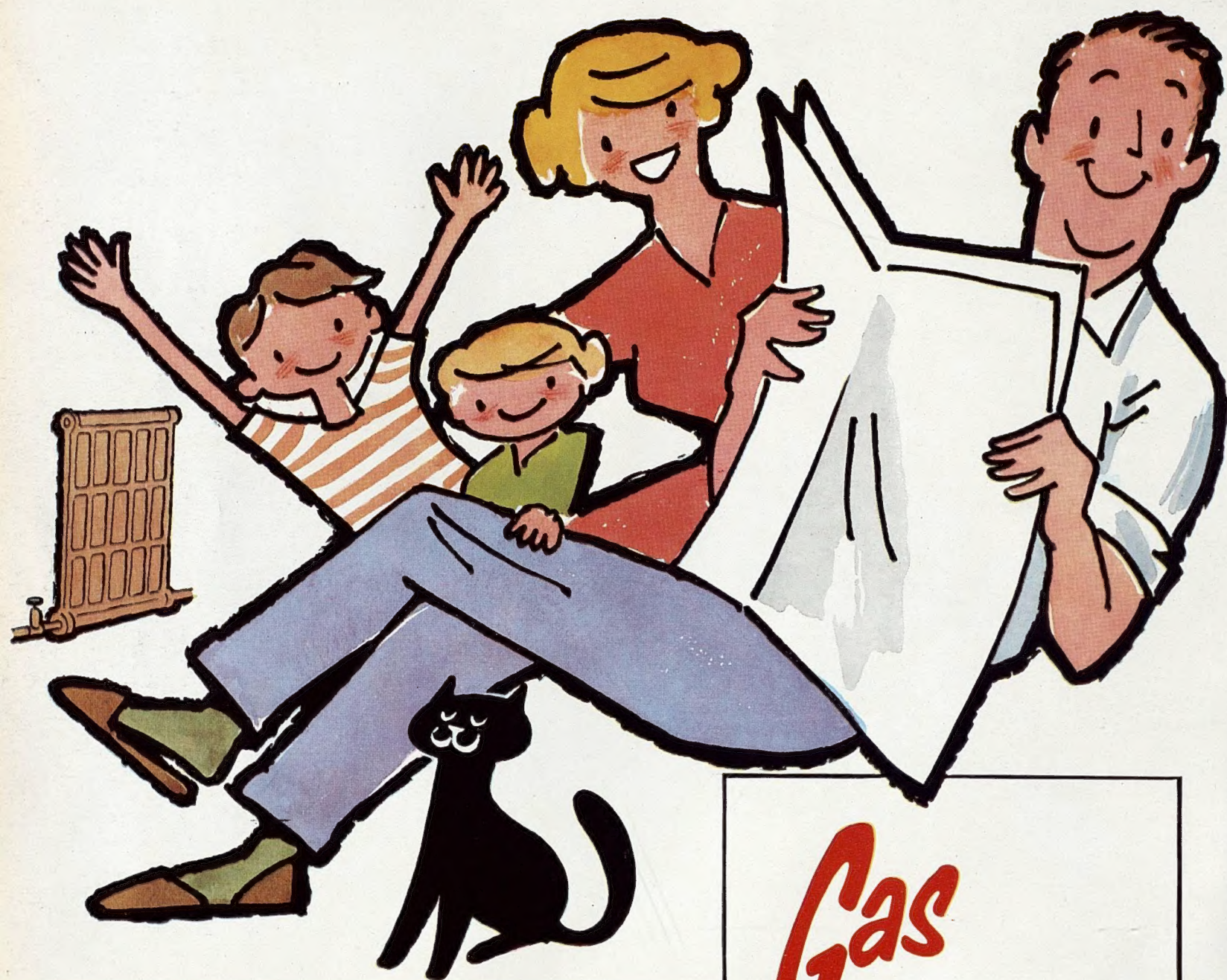
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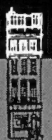
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Vol. CCXXXIV No. 3032

7 October 1959

In his cellars under London Bridge railway arches Mr. Guy Prince today presides over the opening of J. L. P. Lèbegue & Co.'s **Wine-Tasting**, a social event that becomes more talked-about every year. Jennie Rope draws the scene on page 22 and Pamela Vandyke Price has some comments about wine, women and wrong. A sure topic at the tasting will be this year's extraordinary vintage in France—probably the best of the century—and Lewis Morley went to photograph the gathering of the **Harvest in Champagne**. His pictures begin on page 26. See also Helen Burke on page 55.

Of course nothing goes better with wine

than pheasant, and the pheasant-shooting season, now in its first week, also looks like being a winner. The Earl of Lanesborough discusses the prospects on page 24. Roger Hill photographed THE COVER... Roger Hill also took the pictures for the feature on pages 31-35, showing that land of mystery **The North** as southerners think of it. The natives' own view of the place is interpreted by novelist Bill Naughton.

NEXT WEEK: Four ways to put your daughter on the stage... Germany's most cosmopolitan city (and it isn't Berlin)... Princess Alexandra at the Melbourne ball.

Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 5½d.

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INGRAM HOUSE, 195-8 STRAND LONDON W.C.2 (TEMPLE BAR 5444)



**"The Merry Widow,"** London Coliseum. Sadler's Wells Company. 7.30 p.m. (& 2.30 p.m. Saturdays). (TEM 3161.)

**Royal Festival Hall.** Piano recital by **Fou Ts'ong**, 3 p.m., 11 October. Poetry recital **From Chaucer to Dylan Thomas**, by Martin Starkie, 7.45 p.m., 11 October.

## ART

**Carl Plate**, Australian abstract artist, Leicester Galleries. To 21 October.

**London Film Festival**, National Film Theatre, South Bank. 12 October-1 November.

**Stroud Religious Drama Festival**, Stroud, Glos. 11-18 October.

**Swansea Festival of Music & the Arts**, 12-24 October.

**Hull Fair**, 10-17 October.

**Stratford-on-Avon Mop Fair; Pack Monday Fair**, Sherborne, Dorset; **Runaway Fair**, Abingdon, Berks, 12 October; **Banbury Michaelmas Fair**, (to 17), **Newbury Michaelmas Fair** (to 17), 14 October.

## EXHIBITIONS

**Norwich Trades Fair**. To 17 October.

**Frozen Foods & Quick Freezing Exhibition**, R.H.S. Old Hall, Westminster. To 9 October.

**Children's Book Show**, National Book League, Albemarle St., W.1. To 14 October.

## CHARITY EVENTS

**Hallowe'en Ball**, Tidworth House, Tidworth, in aid of the Andover, Kingsclere & Whitechurch Division of the Red Cross. 30 October. Tickets, to 19 October £1 1s., afterwards £1 10s., from Mrs. F. G. R. Brittorous, Long House Farm, St. Mary Bourne, Hants; Mrs. F. R. Clark, Postgrove House, Andover; the Hon. Mrs. Monekton, Zouch Manor, Tidworth.

**London Reel Club Ball**, Quaglino's, 23 October, in aid of the Royal Society for Home Relief to Incurables, Edinburgh. 23 October. Admission programmes (including three-course supper) 35s., from Miss Bridget Heaton-Armstrong, 97 Whitelands House, Cheltenham Terrace, S.W.3.

## GARDENS

**Yaffle Hill**, Broadstone, near Poole, Dorset. 2-7 p.m. 11 October.

**Milldown**, Hambledon Vineyard, Hambledon, Hants. 11 a.m.-7 p.m. 10 October.

**Waterperry Horticultural School**, Wheatley, Oxon. 2-7 p.m. 10 October.

## PRAISED PLAYS

From Anthony Cookman's reviews. For this week's see page 43.

**The Double-Dealer**. "... brilliantly entertaining scenes... in the intrigue there is a shimmer of poetry..." Donald Houston, Miles Malleon, Ursula Jeans. (The Old Vic, WAT 7616.)

**West Side Story**. "... high dramatic moments... tragic pathos... music and dancing are most happily integrated." Marlys Watters, Chita Rivera, Don McKay. (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6606.)

**Cock-A-Doodle Dandy**. "... genius never deserts Mr. Sean O'Casey... a boisterously symbolic satire... an evening of uproarious fun." J. G. Devlin, Wilfrid Lawson. (Royal Court Theatre, SLO 1745.)

## FANCIED FILMS

From Elspeth Grant's reviews. For this week's see page 44.

G.R. = General Release.

**I'm All Right, Jack**. "... swingeing satire... blithe enthusiasm... a biting and hilarious film." Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, Irene Handl. (Studio One, GER 3300.)

**Blind Date**. "... Mr. Stanley Baker, a dogged detective inspector... is given a murder case to solve... His performance is in every way excellent." Stanley Baker, Hardy Kruger, Micheline Presle. (G.R.)

**Ask Any Girl**. "... smooth comedy directed with a pleasing lightness of touch." Shirley MacLaine, David Niven, Gig Young. (Odeon, Leicester Square, WHI 6111.)

continued overleaf

# GOING PLACES

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## OUT OF DOORS

**Polling Day**, 8 October.

**Golf**. Ladies' European Match, Wentworth, Surrey, 8-9 October.

**Horse Trials**, Chatsworth, Derbyshire, 17 October.

**Rugby**. First Test Match, G.B. v. Australia, Swinton, Manchester, 17 October.

## HORSE SHOW

**Horse of the Year Show**, Empire Pool, Wembley, 6-10 October.

## MUSICAL

**Coventry Festival of Music**, 5-11 October.

**Sadler's Wells Opera**. Season opens with Giordano's *Andrea Chenier*, 13 October. (TER 1672/3.)

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. Season opens with *Antigone*, adapted by John Cranko from Racine, 19 October. (COV 1066.)

**An Environment of Paintings**, by Robyn Denny, Ralph Rumney and Richard Smith. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. To 24 October.

**Marquetry Society of Great Britain Exhibition**, Foyle's Art Gallery, 9 a.m.-6 p.m. (including Sats.). To 17 October.

**"Graphic Art From Poland,"** Grabowski Gallery, Sloane St., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sundays, 2-5 p.m. To 10 October.

**"Seven Centuries of Portrait Drawing,"** British Museum, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sundays 2.30-6 p.m. To end of year.

**French Impressionist Paintings**, the Courtauld Institute Galleries, Woburn Square, W.C.1. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (7 p.m. Thursdays), Sunday, 2-5 p.m.

## FAIRS & FESTIVALS

**Cheltenham Festival of Art & Literature**. To 9 October.



## A word to women who have just passed thirty



## The dangerous age for beauty

by Helena Rubinstein

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### ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Guide to dining out

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O.S.—Open Sundays

**Mirabelle**, 56 Curzon St., W.1 (GRO 4636) C.S. Has some fabulous wines on a long list, such as "Imperiales" (equivalent to eight bottles) of Chateau Haut Brion 1908 at £34 each, or 1899 at £38. For something unusual in the Burgundies try a 1923 Clos des Ursules (1er Cru Cachet du Domaine at 80s. the bottle, or a 1911 Bonnes-Mares at 120s.).

**Albert**, 53-55 Beak St., W.1 (GER 1296) C.S. Albert Pessione provides a wide choice of wines by the glass, carafe or bottle at a very reasonable price, and has done so successfully for nearly 30 years.

**Au Pere De Nico**, 10 Lincoln St., Chelsea, S.W.3 (KNI 1833) O.S. (evenings). Good wines by the glass at low prices. If you bring half a dozen bottles of your own they only charge you 2s. 6d. corkage for the lot.

**Au Jardin Des Gourmets**, 5 Greek St., W.1. (GER 1816) C.S. M. Richier, its director, was once sommelier to Marcel Boulestin, and his wine list reflects the association.

**Antelope**, Eaton Terrace, S.W.1 (SLO 5513). Restaurant C.S. You don't expect to find such quality wines in a pub, but Robin Humphreys is a great connoisseur. Nine table wines on sale by the glass.

**Boulestin**, 25 Southampton St., W.C.2 (TEM 7061) C.S. When Marcel Boulestin was alive he maintained a great cellar at his restaurant. Joseph Barnett keeps up the tradition.

**Etoile**, 30 Charlotte St., W.1 (MUS 7189) C.S. Many excellent and carefully chosen French wines to

match the specialist French cuisine.

**Emberson's Sherry Bars**, 5B Shepherd St., Mayfair, W.1 (GRO 1906) C.S.; 1 Glentworth St., Baker St., N.W.1 (WEL 3827) C.S.; 93 Pelham St., S.W.7 (KEN 7841) C.S. All owned and directed independently, but there's an Emberson at each of them. Places where you can taste, enjoy and discuss fine ports, sherries, Madeiras, etc., *ad infinitum*.

**Gore Hotel**, 189 Queen's Gate, S.W.7 (KNI 4222). They have the longest wine list in London, possibly in the world. More than 700 are listed, from a red Algerian, La Valette at 9s. 6d. per bottle, to a hock, Oestricher Doosberg Riesling Trockenbeerenauslese 1949, at 150s.

**Trocadero**, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly, W.1 (GER 6920) O.S. Has some outstanding vintages on a long list. They come from a famous cellar with vast resources well served by expert sommeliers.

**Charing Cross Hotel**, Strand, W.C.2 (TRA 7282) O.S. As with other British Railways hotels, this has one of the largest wine cellars in the country. For quality wines at the right price it is hard to beat.

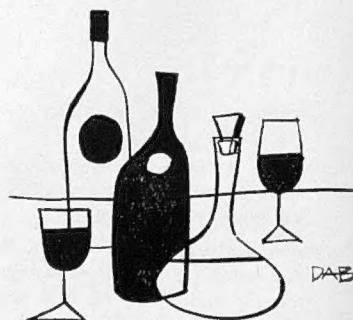
**Queen's**, 4 Sloane Sq., S.W.1 (SLO 4381) O.S. Surprisingly, has 15 different Italian wines among the others on a sound and low price list.

**Beoty's**, 14 Wrights Lane, Kensington, W.8 (WES 8525) C.S. Specialize in Greek and Cypriot wines to match the cuisine.

**Fortnum & Mason**, Piccadilly, W.1 (REG 8040) (C.S. & evenings). Short, well-chosen list in the restaurant, but any other from their justly famous wine department can be sent for.

**Ritz Hotel**, Piccadilly, W.1 (HYD 8181) O.S. All London's great hotels have first class and extensive wine lists. From the Ritz's I choose at random Côtes du Rhone 1953, 18s. per bottle; Chateau Margaux 1933, 70s. per bottle; Champagne Krug 1949 (magnum) 150s.

**Kettner's**, Romilly St., W.1 (GER 3437). O.S. Deep in the heart of Soho. Excellent and cosmopolitan wine list, including some Swiss.





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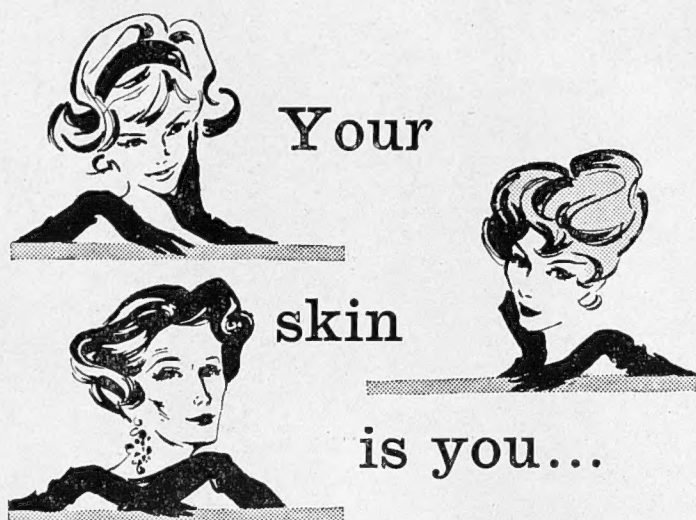
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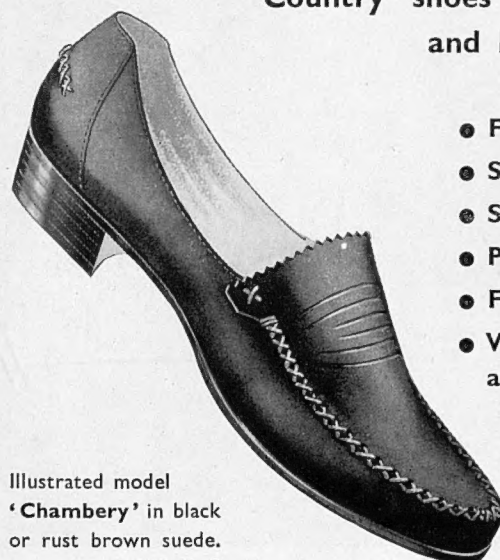
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*The Hon. Christine Campbell-Gray to Mr. Brian Lockhart, Royal Dragoons.* <sup>Vandyk</sup> *She is the daughter of the late Maj. the Master of Gray, M.C., & the late Hon. Mrs. Campbell-Gray. He is the son of Maj. & Mrs. W. A. J. Lockhart*

*Right: Miss Elizabeth Jane Tilney to Mr. Thomas Jeremy King.* *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Tilney, of Sutton Bonington, Notts. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. King, of Langford, Somerset*



Tom Hustler

## ENGAGEMENTS

## WEDDINGS



**Luck—Kitchener:** Miss Ursula H. Luck, daughter of the late Capt. C. M. & of Mrs. Luck, of Lennox Gardens, married the Hon. Charles Kitchener, son of the late Capt. Viscount Broome, R.N., & of Viscountess Broome, in Canterbury Cathedral

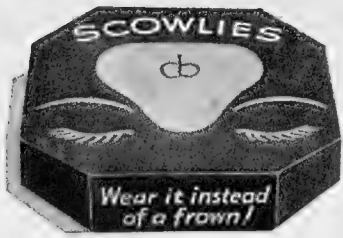


**Paton—Mates:** Miss Mary Paton, daughter of Brig. & Mrs. J. A. Paton, of Odiham, married Mr. M. Mates, R.U.R., son of Mr. C. J. Mates, of Four Oaks, Warwicks, & Mrs. M. Mates, of Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Doughty-Tichborne—Loudon:** Miss Anne Doughty-Tichborne, daughter of Sir Anthony & Lady Doughty-Tichborne, married Jonkheer John Loudon, son of Jonkheer & Mrs. J. H. Loudon, of Grosvenor Sq., W.1, and Aerdenhout, Holland, in the chapel of St. Margaret of Scotland, Tichborne Park <sup>Fayer</sup>





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9½ gns.

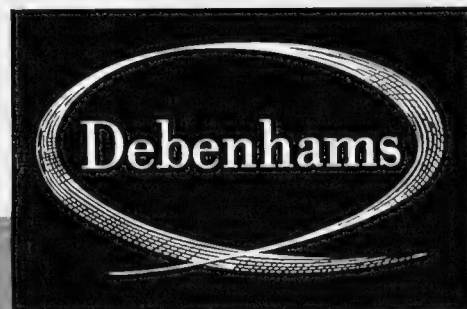
For your nearest stockist write to 'Marcusa'  
 Marcol House, 293 Regent Street, W.1.



# We chose this in Paris

... for an example of the sophistication superlative in Balmain's "long-line" treatment ... strictly man-tailored. The material, tobacco brown with a black stripe, newest Paris colour-combination. Photographed specially for Debenhams by Peter Clark, outside the Hotel George V in Paris.

## Pierre Balmain at



Debenham & Freebody Wigmore Street W1 LAngham 4444



*Central Office, a new mock-Georgian building, is across Smith Square from Labour H.Q.*



7 OCTOBER 1959

## Third time lucky?

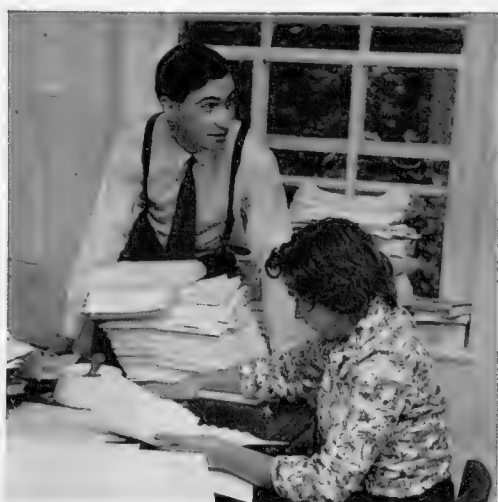
Lord Hailsham directs  
the Conservative machine  
in its new H.Q.



*In the film library of the radio & TV section a reel is identified*



Photographs by Desmond O'Neill show  
the general election  
activities at the  
Tories' Central Office  
(continued overleaf)



*In the press section, handouts are prepared for distribution*



*The party chairman: Lord Hailsham*





1



2



3



4



5

1. Mail by the sackful in the postal section

2. File on a talkative opponent goes to the research section

3. Mr. E. S. Adamson, head of Outside Organization, tests a loud-hailer issued to candidates

4. Press conference is conducted daily by Mr. Gerald O'Brien, head of P.R.

5. The press listens: (r. to l.) Eastern Daily Press, Daily Express and Agence France-Presse

## Third time lucky? *continued*

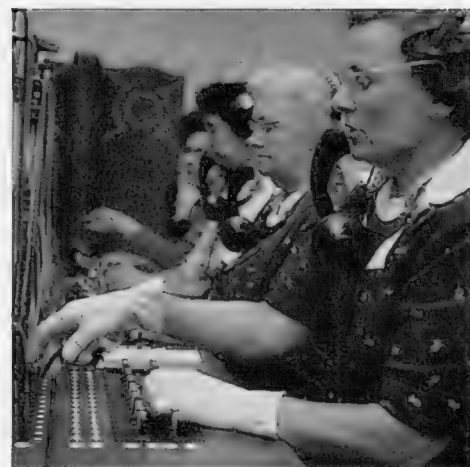
Central Office's bright girls include (from left) Miss Susan Chataway (of Bank Rate fame—she is secretary to Mr. O'Brien), Miss Elizabeth Tregoning (press section), Miss Elizabeth Sturges-Jones (women's press officer) and Miss Joanne Burgess (secretary to vice-chairman Lord Poole)







*This is a television election and both major parties have elaborate training for their TV spokesmen. The Tories rehearse on a closed-circuit system and here an election programme is being planned. The camera is focused on Mr. John Lindsey, deputy head of the radio and TV section, who is playing a TV personality. He appears simultaneously on the screen. Seated opposite him is Mr. Howell Thomas, the party's TV liaison officer, and watching behind Brigadier J. W. Hinchcliffe, the section's head*



*The telephones never stop ringing! It takes four operators to cope*



# So many bachelors when a regiment is so long abroad...

MURIEL BOWEN'S SOCIAL NOTES



*The Colonel-in-Chief (Princess Margaret) hands a Guidon to the King's Hussars*

**P**RINCESS MARGARET BROKE HER holiday at Balmoral to fly to the bicentenary celebrations of the 15th/19th King's Royal Hussars at Barnard Castle, Co. Durham. "A great day for everybody in this part of the world" was how Lord Barnard, Durham's Lord Lieutenant described it. But as The King's Hussars is a family regiment, people came from all parts of the country. (Indeed, I came across one young officer, Lieut. John Floyd, whose ancestor of the same name had joined the Regiment at the age of 12 in 1781.)

The ceremonies took place in a blaze of sunshine and there was all the pageantry of a great regimental occasion—the well-rehearsed marches, the roll-up of the armoured cars, the grey drum horse, all seen against the greenish buff walls of Deerbolt Camp. Heralded by a fanfare of trumpets, the Princess presented the Guidon, the crimson-and-gold silk Colour, telling the story of the Regiment. Emblazoned on it were a couple of dozen names, among them: Emsdorf . . . Waterloo . . . Ladysmith . . . Somme . . . Rhine.

Following the march past of the Old Comrades (a splendid sight with their jaunty

steps, medals jingling, and commands shouted by an ex-sergeant-major in a grey City suit and carrying a bowler), there was a reception in a huge green-and-white marquee erected near the Officers' Mess. Here I saw Sir William & Lady Worsley (he is Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire in which the camp is situated); Major T. J. Arnott and his son, Mr. P. J. Arnott, both up from Cirencester for the occasion; Brig. Sir Henry Floyd, Bt.; Major & Mrs. H. B. Mytton, Mr. & Mrs. R. S. Pease, Col. F. B. & the Hon. Mrs. Wyldbore-Smith, and Lt.-Col. & Mrs. C. D. Agnew, who made the long journey from Henley-on-Thames.

The King's Hussars are chockful of attractive and eligible bachelors ("we've had so much overseas service, we haven't had much opportunity of getting married," a lieutenant told me), including their Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. J. M. Barton, M.C. So naturally there were lots of attractive young girls. Prettiest was Miss Deborah Freeman, now home in Sevenoaks after two years in America where her father was with the British Military Mission. Miss Jane Whittaker had come from a morning's cub-hunting. "We've got a new Master and

he has the meets at 6.30 a.m.," she said. "It's ridiculous—that sort of military stuff won't go down with farmers and country people."

A small luncheon party, mostly of young people, was arranged for Princess Margaret. The Princess sat with Col. Barton on her left at a long table decorated with bowls of red dahlias and the regimental silver. Sitting with her were Major & Mrs. J. R. D. Sharpe, Capt. & Mrs. Hugh Champion de Crespigny, Capt. Jeremy Moon and his wife, very smart in a moss-green suit and furry white hat, Major & Mrs. Alastair Hobkirk, and Lieut. the Hon. Peter Lewis.

Deerbolt is an ugly camp (it will go out of service in two years when the new camp at Catterick is finished, complete with newly discovered War Office amenities such as "cheerful colour schemes" and central heating that works), but on this occasion the Officers' Mess was looking festive. A lavishly filled two-tier buffet had been arranged. Helping themselves were Major-Gen. Sir Robert Hinde, who is Colonel of the Regiment, the Duke & Duchess of Northumberland, Lt.-Col. W. E. Lyon, the Hon. Mrs. Denis Bingham, and Major-Gen. Lord Thurlow.

## BRIGGS by Graham





# THE MISSING PHANTOMS

The election kept many politicians, including the Prime Minister's son, away from the Phantoms' centenary reunion

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

Then to the museum, opened by the Princess, with an interesting selection of regimental booty, including the wooden pillow used by **King Cetewayo** of the Zulus. For the Princess the day concluded with a visit she requested to the stables that the officers built for their hunters (they will hunt with the Zetland this season). And for the Old Comrades there was a ball. While they earnestly discussed the regiment's new rôle (training all recruits for the Royal Armoured Corps) the serving officers said how good it felt to be home again. The regiment is back in England for the first time in 20 years.

## A COMING-OUT IN WALES

Over in Wales three generations of **Lord & Lady Brecon's** friends (he's Minister of State for Wales) danced away the last warm evening of the year at a splendid coming-of-age dance they gave for their daughter, the **Hon. Lindy Lewis**. "It's always a bit of a risk having a 16-to-60 party," said Lady Brecon afterwards, "but I think it was all very gay despite so many older ones." It was the older ones who were livening things up, waltzing and cha-cha-ing like mad. There were **Mr. Henry Brooke**, Minister of Housing & Local Government, & **Mrs. Brooke** (their daughters **Honor** and **Margaret** were there, too); and **Sir Tudor Thomas**, the eye surgeon, with **Lady Thomas**.

The ballroom of the Castle of Brecon Hotel at Brecon had been lavishly decorated for the evening with pink roses, blue scabious, and pale yellow dahlias. For the younger set there was dancing in a marquee and out of doors—it was a lovely night. The ball brought together lots of young Welsh girls and their escorts. There was **Lord & Lady Brecon's** second daughter, the **Hon. Janet Lewis** in apricot chiffon, **Lord Brecon's** two godsons, **Messrs. Arthur and Vivian Evans-Price**, both barristers practising in London, **Miss Jane Roe Harding** (daughter of the judge), the **Hon. Shân Bailey** who is **Margaret Lady Glanusk's** daughter, and **Sir Brandon Rhys Williams, Bt.** He

was having his last social outing before contesting Pontypool for the Tories in the General Election.

Next morning **Lady Brecon** was up early on a sandwich-making stint for guests driving back to London. Her daughter **Lindy** (who works at Tory Central Office) went back in convoy with the Minister of Housing, running-in her "**Lindy Blue**" **Austin**, her parents' birthday present. This meant a speed limit of 35 miles an hour. I'm told that it was slow enough for **Mr. Brooke** to get through a "considerable number" of Government papers while **Mrs. Brooke** drove the family car.

## NO GHOST FOR WOOLTON

Parties (the purely social ones) have suffered because of the General Election. At the Foyles Literary Luncheon to mark the publication of the **Earl of Woolton's** memoirs the only political figure of note present was **Earl Attlee**, the former Labour Prime Minister. **Viscount Hailsham**, who succeeded **Lord Woolton** as Tory chairman, was too busy at Tory Central Office (see pages 13-15). Liveliest speech piece came from **Sir Compton Mackenzie**, chairman for the occasion. It lasted just under three minutes. "I'm sick of chairmen who go on and on as if they've been wound up," he said afterwards. "I determined to be brief and then stuck to my guns."

**Lord Woolton** found writing the book "no trouble at all." In fact he once wrote for his living. That was before he set about making a fortune in the drapery business. When I spoke to **Lady Woolton** she was anxious to dispel any ideas (I hadn't found any) about the book's having been "ghost"-written. "He's written every word of it himself," she said. "I know, as I read it as he went along."

**Viscount Kemsley** (who got a couple of handshakes because he was mistaken for **Lord Woolton**), **Margaret Lady Ebbisham**, the **Hon. Mrs. Donough O'Brien**, and **Susan**

*continued overleaf*



Famous in the war as the Phantoms, the 41st Signal Regiment (T.A.) held a centenary dinner at the Park Lane. Absent old comrades included **Mr. Christopher Mayhew** & the **Hon. Hugh Fraser**



Everest climber **Brig. W. R. Smyth-Windham** with his wife & (centre) **Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Peter Curry**



**General Sir James & Lady Cassels** with **General Sir John Shea**, former **Hon. Colonel**, now aged 90





Lenare

LORD SEYMOUR (right), LORD FRANCIS SEYMOUR & LADY ANNE SEYMOUR, children of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, with their mother at their home Maiden Bradley, Warminster, Wiltshire



Baron Studios

The Hon. SOPHIA-ROSE EILEEN MAUDE, with her mother, Viscountess Hawarden, at Wingham Court, near Canterbury



Compton Collier

ANDREW & JONATHAN, sons of Captain & Mrs. Piers Bengough. Their father is with the 10th Royal Hussars in Germany

## OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES

### MURIEL BOWEN

*continued*

Lady Tweedsmuir were among those gathered at the luncheon, held at the Dorchester. The Bishop of London, Dr. Montgomery Campbell, brought his daughter Jane. "I was very impressed by what Lord Woolton had to say," he said. Somebody suggested that perhaps one of his parishioners would give him a copy of the book for Christmas. "Oh, I hadn't counted on that," he commented as he left, smiling over the prospect.

One difference to previous Foyles luncheons. There was no autographing of the book afterwards by the author. In fact it's not out yet. Publication was held up by the printing strike. The proceeds of the book will go to charity.

### U.S. BARGAIN-HUNTERS, BEWARE

Harrogate is not only a town of flowers, handsome houses and the most imaginative shops (the décor in one hairdresser's I went to surpassed anything I've seen in London) but it also puts on an excellent antique fair and flower show every year. The Marquess of Normanby (a furniture collector himself) opened this year's Northern Dealers Antique Fair. What a crowd! It would have taken the persistence of a battleship to have seen everything. In the milling crush I found Col. Rupert & Mrs. Alec-Smith, Capt. Sir John Armytage, Bt., the Hon. Mrs. Ionides, and Col. & the Hon. Mrs. Lane-Fox. There were many

overseas visitors and at the stands dealers all told me the same thing: "There are now almost as many Australians looking for good old pictures as there are Americans."

Yorkshire has always been noted for its antique furniture, and nowadays demand far outstrips supply. In his speech Lord Normanby asked to have more used antiques brought on the market. So did Mr. Frederick Lee, the Fair's chairman. "Yorkshire attics and backrooms are full of antiques which their owners don't even know about," he told me.

The following week the Autumn Flower Arrangement Festival, sponsored by the *Daily Telegraph*, was just as big a success. Queues corkscrewed outside the doors of the Royal Hall on opening day. Going round the exhibits were, Mrs. Christopher York, Lady Pamela Berry, Mr. Norman Hartnell, and Mrs. J. A. Ackroyd. There were up to 60 entries in one class. "All this interest has developed over the last few years," said Mrs. Margaret Herdson, Yorkshire's expert on flower arranging. "It makes a complete change from housework, and it is so much easier to be good at it than it is at music or needlework."

### A TENNIS OCCASION

Across at Le Touquet tennis has been in the news. The over-45s of the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain have been battling with the over-45s of the International Club of France for a cup presented by the Maharajah of Kutch (former Indian international and now his country's Ambassador in Norway). France won, the team's youngest "ancien," Marcel Bernard, winning all his matches to make it eight matches to seven.

After the tennis on the first day there was a reception given by Mr. Nigel Sharpe on the terrace of the Westminster Hotel. Our players, including Mr. Henry Billington (he farms in Wiltshire), were there, and so were Col. A. R. F. Kingscote, the International Club's chairman, & Mrs. Kingscote, and many friends of both teams. The following day the captain of the French team, Mons. Benny Berthet, gave a party at the Le Touquet Tennis Club.

The British visitors enjoyed their weekend. Indeed, one member paid his hotel bill twice. He was staggered when Mr. Nigel Sharpe handed him the hotel's refund on the home-bound plane.

### LARK FOR CHARITY

Back in London again, this time for the Navy League's reception on board the *Wellington*, on the Victoria Embankment. There was hot bacon and kidney on sticks, piping hot *vols-au-vent*, and plenty to drink. The party was to discuss plans for the première of *The Navy Lark*, which its producer Mr. Herbert Wilcox, has given the League in aid of the Sea Cadet Corps. Adm. Sir John Eccles said that the première will take place at the Carlton Theatre, Haymarket, at 8.30 p.m. on October 15th.





*Mr. Norman Wood proposed the toast at the Hyde Park Hotel reception for Mr. Oliver Eley & Miss Anne Lyle, who were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. They are honeymooning on an island near Majorca*

## Off to an island honeymoon

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE



*Mr. C. R. Eley, the groom's father, with Sir Ian Lyle, father of the bride & chairman of Tate & Lyle*



*The bride's mother, Lady Lyle (right) with Mrs. Vernon Tate, whose late husband was president of Tate & Lyle. About 500 guests attended the reception*



*Miss Juliet Anderson with two of the five bridesmaids, Miss Felicity Clark & Miss Rosemary Still*



*The bride's brother & sister, Mr. Andrew & Miss Jane Lyle. She is to marry in January and best man, Mr. Robin Eley, is also marrying soon. Right: Rear-Adm. Guy L. Warren, the bridegroom's uncle*



# The deb. party that never was...

It only happened at the pictures. They needed a party sequence for the film version of *The Entertainer*, and this is how director Tony Richardson imagined it. The party was staged in the garden of his own home near Hammersmith Bridge, and they made so much noise that eventually the police were called



At one stage the party took to the roofs—here the scramble over the tiles begins



Corin Redgrave, 19-year-old son of Sir Michael Redgrave, slid down the roof shouting "Make way for a drinker," later hurled a champagne bottle. Drinks at the filmed party were authentic





Débutante Philippa Coverdale, 19—actress for the night



Actress Karin Hilton, 19—débutante for the night



Grace Coddington, ex-débutante model was one of the £5-a-head extras

Director Tony Richardson



Joan Plowright (in woolly coat) plays her original stage rôle, as do Sir Laurence Olivier and Brenda de Banzie



On the occasion of the celebrated annual tasting in the well-stocked Lebègue cellars, a classified guide (for the male imbiber) to wine, women and wrong:



W

INE IS A MAN'S WORLD—THAT'S THE TROUBLE and the challenge. They shouldn't have tried to keep it a secret if they didn't want women to become interested. As it is, they're fighting a confused defensive action. They're trying to maintain the fiction that no nice girl is really capable of enjoying wine—but woe betide her if she brings home the wrong bottle from the off-licence when husband rings up to say that he'll be home with the boss to dinner in forty minutes flat. Women can cope with the City page and even with our own income tax; so why should wine be thought to baffle us?

Me, I like wine—and being a woman, I like men. So for the sake of better understanding all round (and because I'm tired of listening to their lectures) here's a brief guide for men about taking wine with women; they can stick it on the back of their vintage charts.

**For wine waiters:** Begin by abandoning that patronizing smirk while you hide the wine list behind your back. No, Madame will *not* have a little Pouilly Fuissé, nor that nice Liebfraumilch, and you can keep your St. Emilion, too. Madame has nothing against these wines, but why are they always supposed to be naturals for women? We seldom get offered Burgundy, nor anything from the Médoc—do the names look too long for us to remember? And *never* a glass of port, unless we're with a man, who presumably counts as our oenological protector. Why on earth should certain bottles be considered ladies' wines? You've only to look at the empties after men have been dining to see a fair proportion of labels saying Pouilly Fuissé, Liebfraumilch and St. Emilion—the only difference being that the men probably had double whiskies first, too.

**For wine merchants:** There is no need, even if you *are* rather young, to recommend only the meekest bottles. I may have a rich husband, lover, or even an expense account, or have been brought up by a man who believed vintage port was good for the health.

And as for you senior gentry, isn't it time that you dropped, once and for all, your belief that women waft clouds of scent into your tasting rooms and leave lipstick all over the glasses? My nose frequently turns up at the aroma of your hair-cream, to say nothing of tobacco, lighter fuel and mothballs on suits that should have been sent to the cleaners long ago. It's true I can't spit with the nonchalant six-foot accuracy of some of the port trade—but how many of you can? (At least I don't dribble down my dress, whereas I've known you to be glad to borrow my face tissues to wipe your waistcoat!)

**For the business guest:** Yes, *I am* going to choose the wine myself and you needn't steel yourself to look as if you liked it. You *will* like it, because I've learnt from wiser men than you what is good and what is to be avoided. If we do get a faulty bottle, I'm quite capable of sending it back. Resign yourself to the fact that you're my guest and enjoy it—you could do worse than remember the number of the bottle for when *you* do any business entertaining here.

**For the business host:** You are in for an expensive session if you hope to soften me up with alcohol. I'm more likely to tell you the truth about yourself over the Armagnac. *Must* we wash our steaks down with Sauternes—just because it's the most expensive wine on the list? I'd rather have a fizzy lemonade. Better a half carafe chosen with discretion than a 60s. hock with ulterior motives.

**For the so-called expert:** Please don't start any funny business about asking me to guess the vintage of some little *ordinaire* you had in that village in the Basses-Pyrénées and brought back in the boot of your car. I could choose you a Pomerol that you'd take for a Burgundy any day. Oh, and by the way, if you want to make remarks like, "I hear you're interested in claret," do try to avoid making it sound as discouraging as, "I understand you're one of those educated women."

*continued overleaf*

# HOW TO DO RIGHT BY LADY WINE-LOVERS

BY PAMELA

VANDYKE PRICE



## HOW TO DO RIGHT

BY LADY WINE-LOVERS

continued

**For wine writers:** I don't care whether the bouquet of this wine *does* remind you of the brocade on an old *fauteuil* in the Duchesse de Something's château where you and old George spent an evening capping quotations from Horace. Or that Mr. X of Z & Co. says that the cleanness of its finish is comparable to a virgin's petticoat. *I think* it's plain nasty. And I don't see why I shouldn't say so, especially as, in a recent Master of Wine examination, the unsuccessful candidates (men, by the way) were criticized for not voicing first impressions of what they tasted. Women, you see, are usually first-generation wine-drinkers with no inherited snobberies and, not being hampered by ideas as to what they ought to like and think, they are candid. Some day, perhaps, we'll split a good bottle and you will tell me what you really think about wine. As things are, *cher collègue*, your writings are such a blend of other people's books and what the wine trade tell you over the lunch table that I've no idea whether you've ever actually tasted the stuff for yourself.

**For gentlemen with designs:** How dare you invite me to dinner and not even bother to learn a few of the bottles to ask for! I wouldn't mind being consulted, but now that you've just handed me the wine list I shall choose nothing cheaper than the Richebourg that has caught my eye. Accompany you on to the winefields? Certainly—up the Rhine, down the Douro, across the Garonne and along the Côte d'Or. *but...* we'll start tasting first thing in the morning, spend the afternoons going round the vineyards and in the evenings, of course, there'll be so many friends to see and they'll all take hours over dinner. We shan't have a minute to ourselves—won't it be fun?

By the way, *wine* never bores me. So are you quite sure that you want me to come back and have a look at that 1870 Lafite you found in your cellar? Because I can't imagine anything more enjoyable than just spending hours and hours sipping and discussing it. You'll find a woman is quite something to be reckoned with once she's got a bottle in her hand!



Cover and other pictures on this page by Roger Hill

**T**HERE is no doubt that in this country more and more people are taking up shooting. Figures are hard to come by, owing to the local basis of game licences. Even the sale of guns is not much of a guide, as a gun lasts a long time and a private deal in a second-hand weapon avoids purchase-tax. But all the game farms report a steady increase in their business. The increased popularity of shooting, I feel, is largely due to the number of clay-pigeon clubs that have been formed over the past few years; also to the wildfowl clubs, which not only encourage the young to take an interest in wild life, but also teach them to shoot.

To belong to a good pheasant shoot, however, is still an expensive luxury—and increasingly so. Apart from the keepers' wages, there are many other things to pay for, the most important items being the pheasant eggs, game food and corn—and when the time comes to shoot there are the beaters to pay. For an average shoot you must have at least 20 beaters, who each receive £1 plus a bottle of beer (or lemonade for the younger ones). There is also the expense of the cartridges. Considering all this, I think the price of a brace of pheasants is very low indeed.

There is quite a lot to organizing even one day's shoot. To begin with there must be complete understanding with the head keeper—otherwise the results can be chaotic! Luckily, I can only remember one such instance in my own shoot, when I lined the guns along one hedge and the beaters drove the birds over another hedge! Whose fault it was we never really discovered, as I blamed the head keeper just as strongly as he blamed me.

The day beforehand you organize the order of the day's drives, always planning to drive the birds towards the centre of the shoot—that is, towards the



# Pheasant-shooting is off to a fine start this year, with plenty of birds, and more and more people taking up shooting

BY THE EARL OF LANESBOROUGH

main coverts and not away from them. The keepers then put out numbers where each gun is to stand, putting them as far back as possible in order to give the birds every chance to get well up before reaching the guns. The usual number of guns is eight.

On the day of the shoot, the keepers and beaters start some hours before the guns arrive, driving in the hedgerows and fields towards the coverts, leaving one of the beaters as a stop on the corners of each covert to prevent the birds from running out again. At about 10 o'clock the guns take up their positions for the first drive. The keepers' responsibility is by no means over. Their job now is to keep the beaters in line, as a drive can easily be ruined by beaters going too fast, thereby putting too many birds up at once. Some shoots are lucky—they have beaters who have done the job for years and know exactly how each drive has to be done.

There are usually five drives in the morning, and then comes the best drive of the day—which is lunch. After lunch there is always a little trouble with the guests, who can be seen standing in a huddle trying desperately to remember their right number. Whether this is due to too little practice or too good a lunch I have never decided. After lunch we only have two or possibly three drives, finishing the day's shoot in time to give the birds a chance to get back to the coverts to roost.

At the end of the day the bag is counted and each gun is given a brace. The remainder are sold and the proceeds go towards running the shoot. The farmers whose land we have shot over are not forgotten, and they are naturally given a brace sometime during the season.

Nobody can complain about the weather this year—except perhaps the partridges, who suffered terribly through the lack of water. They do not like a wet

summer, but in a dry summer like this one their only means of getting water, if they cannot find a brook or pond, is from the dew. There is an old saying that three nights without a dew will kill your young partridges, and this summer we have had as many as five consecutive nights with no dew at all. Pheasants, on the other hand, have done extremely well, whether wild or reared, and we should enjoy a very good shooting season.

The main worry with my own reared birds was the amount of water they needed on the rearing field. The scarcity of grass meant that they were exposed to the hot sun all day, and were consequently very thirsty. We had to move them into the coverts much earlier than usual, as the warm nights also encouraged them to jug out in the grass instead of going into the coops at night.

A lot of my friends are now rearing pheasants under the modern system which seems to be proving most successful. In this system, the birds are hatched in incubators and then moved into huts and reared under lamps. From there they go into various pens leading off the huts, and remain there until they go to covert. This does away with the broody hens, which are not always easily found. More important, it saves a vast amount of labour. One land-girl can easily look after up to 3,000 pheasants, while the keepers are getting on with other jobs, such as killing vermin and trimming rides, instead of being tied to the rearing field all day.

Modern methods of farming leave very little food on the ground for game birds. What little corn the combines do not pick up is ploughed in almost immediately afterwards, and pheasants soon stray if they are not well fed by the keepers. There are of course other things the keepers can do to prevent the birds from straying, such as seeing that the woods are kept as quiet as possible with well-trimmed rides where they can get the sun without having to leave the wood. If you can get some rakings off the local farmers before they plough up the stubble fields, there is nothing a pheasant seems to enjoy more than to scratch about in the rakings looking for the odd bits of corn. Another attraction is to have one or two good dusting places. These can easily be made by putting a few sheets of corrugated iron about two feet off the ground with plenty of ash spread underneath. In this way there is always a dry place for the birds to dust.

Incidentally, the pheasants are not the only creatures to have flourished this year. So have wild duck—and so have vermin. When we shot on the first day of the wildfowl season, with four guns, we got a record bag for Swithland Reservoir of 67 duck in two hours—and experienced shots will know that you have to see a good number of duck to be able to get 67. As for the vermin, there has been an increase in carrion crow and grey squirrel, which are, I suppose, the worst things to have on any shoot. The only way to keep vermin down nowadays is to shoot it, as I find the new supposedly humane traps are of little use. Apart from being extremely difficult to set, I have yet to find a victim of these traps to be dead. Grey squirrels are caught by the leg every time.

In conclusion, may I wish you all a good pheasant season to make up for the many disappointing ones we have had over the past few years.



The author

## Laden vineyards



Vineyards flourish on Verzenay's chalk

Glasses like these preserve sparkle & bouquet, unlike the *coupe* glasses of Britain & the U.S. Earliest champagne glasses had no stems or feet, could not be put down until all the wine was finished

Count Robert de Vogüé, (*opposite*) head of Moët & Chandon and known as "King Champagne," examines the grapes for their quality. His verdict: "Tight, no space between the grapes, perfect"





—bulging baskets



Grapes in round baskets await the pressing

—happy pickers



English pickers worked this year with French

# A historic vintage is gathered

Lewis Morley reports, with photographs, from Champagne

IN ALL THE WINE-GROWING AREAS OF France this has been a vintage season—probably good enough to challenge 1911, the best of this century. Nowhere are expectations higher than in the champagne country, where steady sunshine through the long summer (the Reims district had no rain from July onwards) ripened the grapes early and the eight-day *vendange* brought armies of pickers to the vineyards well before the normal mid-September dates. These pictures were taken in the vineyards and cellars of Moët & Chandon, the largest and the oldest of the champagne firms. The Moët & Chandon family and its descendants developed a process first discovered in the second half of the 18th century by the monk Dom Perignon, cellarer at the Benedictine monastery of Hautvilliers near Epernay. In champagne the sparkle is achieved by controlled fermentation, and the flavour by blending grapes (black as well as white) from various vineyards. It was Perignon too who was the first in France to use corks for sealing the bottles. (Wooden bungs bound with linen were originally used, causing a 50 per cent loss by leakage during manufacture.) Jean-Remy Moët bought vineyards and monastery buildings at Hautvilliers around 1794 but the firm dates from 1743 and the original founder, vineyard-owning Claude Moët (born in 1683) had been in the wine trade much earlier. As early as Napoleon's time the firm was prominent enough for the head to be decorated by the Emperor (in 1814). In the year of Waterloo the Emperor did not visit Epernay and it was said that he lost the battle because he had to fight it on Belgian beer and not on champagne. Over the years the firm has collected a tally of celebrated customers, ranging from the Pompadour to Britain's present Queen for whom a special Cuvée (vintage 1943) was shipped to commemorate her Coronation.







# A historic vintage *continued*



EPERNAY ARCHETYPES are the Dom Perignon statue and M. Rene Sabber, a relative of the Moët & Chandon family, who receives visitors to the cellars. The bottle (inset) is from Perignon's original design, now rarely seen, used only for the finest wine

CHAMPAGNE CRAFTSMEN (left) are those who perform the *remuage*, turning each bottle daily in an inclined rack for several months to shake the sediment thrown off in the second fermentation down to the cork in readiness for the later *dégorgement* process

WINE LOVERS from Metternich to Talleyrand & Napoleon to George IV are commemorated in this historic collection of receipted bills now stored at Epernay



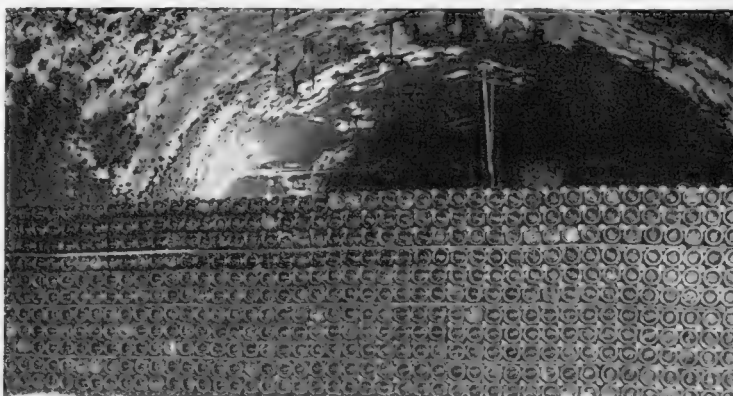
MODERN PRESSES have long replaced the old treading—they are more economical and do not bruise the grapes. The juice or "must" is run off from the presses into vats & casks where the first fermentation takes place



ANCIENT VAULTS contain bottles racked upside-down *en masse*. They mature there for at least four years. Mould on the walls is a form of penicillin which wine workers in older times would use to treat their cuts



CRITICAL STAGE is the *dégorgement* when the cork with its attachment of sediment is removed. Necks of bottles are quick-frozen in a special process so that only a small plug of wine-ice is lost. Then they are topped up



FINAL STAGE is the labelling of bottles from the vast store in the 17 miles of cellars. Below: Girls pack bottles for dispatch. From picking to packing there have been over 200 separate actions involved for each bottle of wine



# The social side of electioneering

BY ERIC WALMSLEY

PEOPLE who take their politics seriously tend to play down the social side of general elections, the old fuddy-duddies. Not that there isn't something in what they say, of course. At a general election, everyone is pretty busy, or ought to be. Nevertheless boy will meet girl; and where that happens, matrimony or worse is always possible. Unmarried male candidates are in a particularly dangerous position. For three weeks they are going to be so swamped with work that their reactions to the outside world will be only of the vaguest. Yet with two-thirds of the campaign gone they will suddenly realize that a not unattractive female face is appearing and reappearing night after night in their dreams. The face is unfamiliar. Who can the girl be?

A few days later the candidate sees her in real life in the party office. She hands him a cup of tea, looks into his eyes, smiles—and is gone. Suddenly she reappears in the middle of morning or afternoon canvassing jaunts. She looks into his eyes, smiles—and is gone again. She is at the main evening meeting in the middle of the front row. She looks into his eyes, smiles—and at the end of the speech she isn't there any more. She is back at the party office waiting to offer him tea, smile and . . .

This is the technique of subliminal advertising and, practised in these exceptionally favourable conditions, it has rarely been known to fail. The smiling portrait is imprinted on the candidate's subconscious which, in turn, throws it back into his conscious mind during sleep. Soon he will be saying, "Thank you" for his tea. The next day he will say "Good morning." The day after that, "Hullo." The day after that, which happens to be polling day, he will have a bit more time on his hands; and it is at this critical point that his subconscious will say to him: "This girl is always there when she's needed. Why not find out her name?" So he asks her, she tells him—and there she is, dammit, just behind him on the balcony at the declaration of the poll, ready to cheer or cry quietly as the occasion requires.

After that she has got him—and when in later years he shyly admits to the press that, "like so many other M.P.s, I first met my wife during a general election campaign."

he will not be telling the entire truth. The fact is, he didn't *meet* his wife; she was there all the time, gluing herself on to his subconscious and not letting go.

To be a candidate's *wife*, however, is no fun at all. For her there just isn't any social side to a campaign. When she isn't working or standing around looking interested, she will be fully occupied at the party headquarters shaking hands and being affable to everyone who happens to be within arms' reach—because if she isn't, somebody's husband could easily lose a vote. It's the people whose hands she shakes who have what little fun there is. With the limited social life in the accepted sense going on around them—after all, dances do count as election expenses—there isn't much left to do except climb. The summit is, of course, a seat on the platform at a public meeting; but there are various compensations on the way up for the less successful. One is the perpetual right to be allowed to discuss the candidate's wife's character and to be considered an expert thereon. Another is the right to refer to the candidate and his wife by their forenames so long as neither is actually present. A third is the right to be able to say: "Well of course, dear, I was there *helping*. And however useful window bills are, they're not quite the same thing as *personal service*, I always think."

As for conviviality, it's a bit difficult when none of the central characters can buy anyone else a drink for fear of being accused of bribing an elector. The result of this depressing law is that people tend to bring their own hip-flasks or, in the more abandoned cases, bottles. Empties usually get thrown into the office wastepaper-basket, or, if a press conference is imminent, into the bottom right-hand drawer of the agent's desk. But it is all rather sad and surreptitious, and it is a great tribute to the resilience of the human race that so many political workers do manage to show signs of having triumphed over their difficulties towards the end of a long and tiring day.

In fact for the most part general elections are a challenge socially and to get much out of them requires enterprise of the highest skill. This one seems to have been going on for years now. But it hasn't, really. At least—no, I'm sure it hasn't. Still, I'll be glad when it's the day after tomorrow.





# PASSPORT



# TO THE NORTH

**W**ITH THE HELP OF A FRIENDLY HAND FROM INSIDE I just managed to get on the 9.35 a.m. train for East Lancashire as it steamed out of Euston.

"You only just did it," said the man who had helped.

"I did that an' all!" I said. "Thanks."

"Going back home?" said his wife.

"Yes, to Bolton," I said. "But I live in London now."

"Ee, you can't call that *home*!" she said.

"I think London's luv'ly," said the man.

"But it's not *homely*," she said.

A thin woman leant across from the corner seat: "Tell me a town in the South as is!" she said. "I've been staying with my niece in Sevenoaks. Do you know she's been there two years and hasn't had a single cup of tea with the folk in that house! It's let off in rooms, you see."

"That's a funny habit they've got in the South, folk living in flats," said the wife.

"But the houses are bigger than ours," explained the husband.

"Then give me a small house every time. When I shut my front door I like to know it's all my own."

The place seems so remote you almost need one, according to southerners. ROGER HILL, who photographed the North as southern eyes see it, was actually asked if he was Scandinavian (he has blond hair and a 'BBC' accent). But smoke and ugliness is not what northern eyes notice. The qualities that endear this great industrial region to its people are described by novelist BILL NAUGHTON, who's a northerner himself

*continued overleaf*



## THE NORTH

continued

"So do I," said the thin lady.

"We've been staying with our married daughter and her husband," said the wife. "They keep a shop near Croydon. Been there eight years and she hasn't made one good neighbour yet!"

"No, but they're making a lot of brass," said her husband.

"What's the use of making money," said his wife, "if you can't make good neighbours?"

"I reckon there's more lonely folk in any one street in the South than there is in the whole of Blackburn," said the thin lady.

"Folk do too much tootin' up North," said the husband, "for ever in an' out each other's homes."

"That's takin' interest," said the thin lady. "There's old Betsy Taylor, she's 87, lives in our street, and she won't go in a home and won't go to live with relatives."

"Once you give your own home up," said the other woman, "you're done for!"

"T'other morning I noticed her little bottle of milk was still on the doorstep at halfpast nine. I know she likes the top of the milk in her morning cup of tea, so I said to my neighbour, Mrs. Howarth: 'It's funny old Betsy hasn't taken her milk in.' 'Just what I was thinking,' she said. 'I know she likes the cream in her morning cup of tea.'"

"Very nice, too!"

"Anyway, we knocked and there was no answer, so our Sammy climbed over the back gate and got in through the window. Good job he did, too. Poor Betsy had slipped beside the bed and couldn't get to her feet. We sent for the doctor. But she was all right once she had had her cup of tea, with the top of the milk in it."

"In the South she could have been dead days afore they'd have broke in," said the wife.

"How is it," said the man, "that once folk move South they never go back North again?"

"Because they get too soft, that's why!" said the thin lady. "They get as they can't face up to a decent day's work. I started in the mill as a half-time at the age of 12—an' never regretted it. Showed me what life was all about."

"Children get a better chance in the South," said the man. "Look at our grandchildren."

"What's the use of education," said his wife, "if it doesn't teach you to respect your parents?"

"Quite right!" agreed the thin lady. "An' they're not as happy today as we were."

"What beats me about my daughter's kids," said the wife, "is that they've got no sense of humour. They never know when I'm coddin' 'em."

"They don't laugh much down South," said the thin lady. "Ech, the fun we have at home . . .!"

"I don't see what there is to laugh at in Blackburn!" said the husband.

"We're just thinkin' of the fun we'll have when we're dead," snapped the thin lady.

"Why it's a well-known fact," said his wife, "that we have to *export* comedians to the South!"

"Yes, an' explain the jokes to 'em as well," said the thin lady.

"I don't care what you say," said the husband, "the South of England is nicer to live in than the North."

"Come off it," said the thin lady to him. "We've

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THE  
NORTH  
continued





got scenery in Lancashire that they'd go daft about. What about Ribchester and the Ribble Valley?"

"Yes," said the other woman, "and the Trough of Bowland and Pendle Hill."

"What about Blackstone Edge?" said the thin lady. "Marvellous scenery, full of Roman history, and it doesn't take you all day to get there—just a bus ride."

"Folk in the South," said the wife, "think the North is nowt but smoke an' smells an' factory chimneys an' slag-heaps."

"Eeh I love slag-heaps," said the thin lady. "Anyway, where there's muck there's money."

"Do you mind if we have the window open?" said the husband. "I'm feeling *stuffed*."

"You need some *good* air," said his wife, "you'll be all right when we get towards Manchester."

Before long the man had a pain in his back. He looked at my brief-case.

"You don't happen to be a doctor?" he said.

"Afraid not," I said.

"He's always on the lookout for something cheap," said his wife. "He got chattin' to a lawyer's clerk when we were coming down, and got ten quid's worth of information for a couple of fags."

"If you've a pain in your back," said the thin lady, "rub it with a raw potato."

They insisted I share their sandwiches. ("Ten-an'-six for lunch—they must think we're soft in the head!") When I was getting out we shook hands and exchanged addresses. I left them with the feeling that I had made friends for life.

I walked out of the station and made my way up towards my native district. The streets looked narrower than ever, and the rows of cottages smaller. I walked on, past factory, mill and foundry. On all sides were countless tall chimneys—some of them, alas, had stopped smoking for ever! The fog-tinged air carried the odour of hides from the tannery, and I saw the town river was foamed white with froth and patches of yellow scum from the bleach-works.

But the faces I passed were friendly, and the voices cheery. Not much for the eye to feast on, but a lot for the heart. I knocked on a door.

"Come in and sit thee down, lad," called a Lancashire voice, "tha'rt as welcome as the flowers in May." There may be finer places, I thought, but it's true there's none more friendly.



# Winter in the wings

When winter comes, your topcoat  
bears the brunt and you'll want to

look good in it. Michel Molinare took  
this selection at the Mermaid Theatre

Seating at the Mermaid Theatre provides a perch for the girl in an opulent-looking Kashmoor coat in light beige (well worth the extra cleaning bills) with an exactly matching beaver collar. The price is 32½ gns. at Channele, London; Beatties, Wolverhampton; McClures, Shrewsbury. Beige felt turban by R. M. Hats is obtainable at Fortnum & Mason, London



Setting for *Lock Up Your Daughters* is mounted on a revolving stage. This first production, planned for a limited season, has cleared all outstanding building debts. will run now until 5 December







... outside the City's only theatre is a background for a superb coat of silky and  
... beige wool with deep armholes and a narrow torso line tapering to a rounded  
... A Vernervogue model, price 33 gns. at Fenwick, New Bond Street, W.1; G. O.  
... Smith & Son, Chester; Defty, Sunderland. The R. M. hat covered with bronze cock  
... feathers at Fortnum & Mason

Profile of a coat in long-haired light tan wool by  
Spectator Sports is full-skirted and full-backed. The  
fur is Perludo (young ocelot pelts) and the price 28½ gns.  
at the Boutique Handel, Brook Street, W.1; Ryle,  
Whitley Bay; Cyril Livingstone, Leeds. High velour  
hat by R. M. at Harrods



## WINTER IN THE WINGS

*continued*



Fair side to foul weather in a top-coat for the city dweller, that can be worn over any suit or dress. The cloth is black duveteen with a wide neckline framed by a deep collar of South West African Persian Lamb. An Arrow model from Chanelle and branches; Kate Dow, Sheffield; Rosa Rose, Egham & Windsor. Price: 41 gns. R.M. hat from Debenham & Freebody. In the background a terracotta mermaid looks down on the foyer.





**Thames-side** background for a coat of moss green wool and mohair bouclé tweed with again the fashionable ocelot collar. A Nabre model at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham; Fenwicks, Newcastle. Price: about 57 gns. R.M. hat at Harvey Nichols

**Low tide** on London river makes a view for diners in the restaurant of the theatre which commands a sweep of the Thames down to Tower Bridge. A background too for this Bickler coat in green leather with white sheepskin collar. Price 24 gns. at Barker's, Kensington; Vincent Williams, Chester; J. & R. Allan, Edinburgh. Scarf by Jacqmar



# WINTER IN THE WINGS

*continued*







**Back-stage** stairs make a setting for this belted coat by Berg of Mayfair in brown antelope suède (high fashion this autumn). The collar is of ranch mink. Price 174 gns., from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge

Vault-like walls have been left in their original state and the new theatre auditorium has been built round them. Here in a niche which emphasizes their enormous thickness, is shown an opulent top-coat by Berg of Mayfair. The superfine heavy fawn cloth is lined with quilting and the massive lynx collar reaches down to the hem of the tuxedo front. From Marshall & Snelgrove, London & Birmingham. Price 140 gns. R. M. hat from Harrods

# COUNTER SPY



ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD  
MICROFILM BY NEIL PEPPÉ

FRENCH URNS painted in deep blue porcelain with miniature pastoral scenes framed in gold and small blue stones, price £30 the pair, come from Alfandary, 101 Kensington Church Street. This antique shop specializes in objets d'art and objets de vertu, mostly of the 19th century.

They have a small amount of first-class chinoiserie and cloisonné. Mr. Alfandary also has many attractive clocks (mostly Continental in the same style as the urns illustrated) some of whose movements are 100 years old and still in perfect order. The clocks are usually in china and ormolu painted with pastel scenes and often with matching urns



REGENCY CARD TABLE in bamboo with a baize top (rare and costing about £60) from H. M. Luther, 56 George Street, Baker Street, W.1, who have one of the most recherché collections of antiques in London ranging from about 1760 to early

Victoriana. Some of the furniture is stripped, some painted. They also have birdcages, old musical instruments, painted panels decorated with exotic birds, and a collection of antique children's toys. They buy also rare and unusual antique textiles, and sell by the piece. Their chinoiserie lacquer trays can be made into tables by their own cabinet maker

OPALINE AND BRISTOL GLASS from Hamish, 335 Fulham Road, S.W.10, who have one of the largest collections of French opaline glass (circa 1820-60) in all its translucent colours, and amethyst and blue Bristol glass. From left: Baccarat opaline scent bottle or decanter in midnight blue overlaid with rose-pink (1835-40); pale blue opaline miniature tankard with a view of the Madeleine painted on the lid (1845-50); amethyst Bristol goblet, one of a set of six early Regency glasses; a late Georgian Bristol jug in deep blue with a



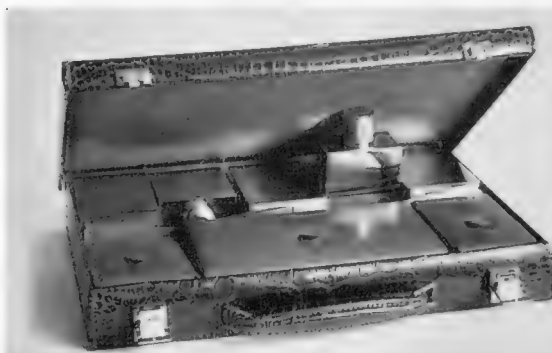
silver chased swan-like neck and spout; miniature carafe and tumbler on its own stand in white opaline painted with gold (1840); and pale turquoise blue opaline tankard (1835-40)

JOHN EDWARDS, 178 Walton Street, S.W.3, is a small shop full of attractive and also practical antiques. Originally specializing in Victoriana (prettier aspects of) they now also have late Georgian antiques and a few pieces of Regency furniture. There is a particularly good selection of lighting articles, such as oil lamps (and shades) with white glass or brass bases, prices about £8 10s., and single or pairs of antique column lamp stands which are lacquered and converted to electricity, prices from about £12 10s. Sometimes, they also have amusing Victorian hanging brass oil lamps, converted to electricity, and also a few carriage lamps. Among the elegant pieces of furniture, there are a number of papier maché chairs and a selection of Welsh Pontypool trays. Their small gilt mirrors are mostly Regency or Adam

FRENCH LEATHER from Hermès, who have recently opened their first London shop (appropriately named Faubourg St. Honoré) at 52-53 Jermyn Street, S.W.1. The travelling handbag—so-called because of its capaciousness—is in natural calf. Price £40 3s. (also in crocodile, or linen and calf). It has been

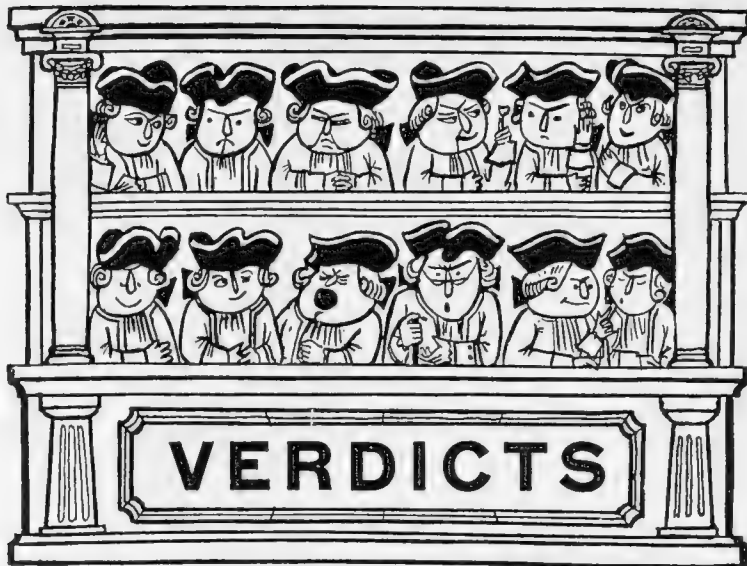


ordered by Princess Grace of Monaco. The man's toilet case (below) is in brown crocodile lined with dark blue morocco and suède with gold plated bottles and brushes. Flat and neat, it also travels well. Price: £398. They also have less expensive leather goods from about £2 to £3. Everything at Faubourg St. Honoré is by Hermès and exclusive to them in London, with the exception of silk scarves (of which there is a large selection). The window-dressing is by Mme. Baumel, already well known for her Hermès window displays in Paris



CHARLES CASIMIR of the Old Pewter Shop, 142 Brompton Road, S.W.3, has been dealing with antique pewter for over 40 years. He specializes almost entirely in it and supplies many museums. Some of his pewter dates back to 1600 and earlier and objects include spoons, dinner services, flagons, teapots and candlesticks (the latter especially difficult to get hold of). The flagons and jugs vary in price according to age and beauty—they have one very rare flagon, inscribed "Hoddon Kirk 1788" which costs £45. When polished, pewter has a subtle gleam and, Mr. Casimir says, looks best against a background of solid oak, and the Pewter Shop has a number of 17th- and 18th-century oak dressers for sale. There are also some graceful early Adam brass fenders, early brass chandeliers and some 17th-century candlesticks





## THEATRE

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

### The fourth dimension—and after

ALL OUR BEST REVUES AFFECT THE surrealist joke. It is the only form of humour that sophisticated audiences are supposed these days to understand. When one has heard all the jokes, and can't bear to hear any more variations on them, how delicious to hear one that is of malice aforethought absolutely innocent of meaning. It opens up for the world-weary mind a new dimension. *Pieces Of Eight* at the Apollo tries to please both the sophisticated and also the more numerous others who insist on knowing more or less precisely at what they are laughing.

It trusts to lively dancing and some attractively individual clowning by Mr. Kenneth Williams and Miss Fenella Fielding to cover up satisfactorily whenever the shooting falls unhappily between the two targets. As, for instance, when Mr. Williams appears as a blithely self-possessed shirt salesman taking the breath away from irate customers by anticipating their complaints, expressing them with aplomb and ripping up the returned shirts to prove beyond a doubt that the material is shoddy and the stitching exactly what would be expected from aged workmen employed at sweated rates of pay. This looks like the beginning of a soaring surrealist joke, but it loses its nerve before it is through and quite fails to lift us up into a scatty world in which the customer is always right and still gets no sort of satisfaction.

Nearer to the surrealist mark is an insistent talker in a railway carriage who keeps assuring the man who is trying to read his newspaper that the creature he is carrying in a fragile cardboard box cannot possibly be a viper, whereas in fact that is what the creature is. Mr. Williams, with his immobile face which takes on sudden ludicrous twists, and his command of half a dozen phoney accents, all of which are absurd, is always likely to make us believe for the moment that a joke is surrealist which on analysis is plainly realistic. He is happier all the same with the sketches which do not pretend to be what they are not. The most brilliant thing of the evening is the laconic conversation which his newspaper seller carries on with the keeper of a coffee stall. All he has to communicate is that sometimes one evening newspaper and sometimes another is the last to

be sold and that after he had got rid of his last paper that night he had been up to Victoria to see George, a man they both know but have not seen for years, and who may or may not suffer with arthritis. The dialogue by Mr. Harold Pinter rings the changes on these themes with a skill that persuades us that the discussion is part of a dreadful Nietzschean cycle which will go on repeating itself through eternity, and Mr. Williams loads every fresh truism with a pertinacious silliness which becomes almost sinister. He gives us silliness of an altogether more vigorous colour as the very English diner making hay of a French waiter and a menu in French. Filthy foreign food is something he will not tolerate, and he is finally reduced to a nice cup of tea, leaving a sound routine curtain line.

Mr. Williams's private joke with the audience is to throw an air of unspeakable depravity over the most innocent of statements. Miss Fielding's material is relatively thin, but with her snake-like charm and her sudden creamy vocal grace notes, she also has a way of infusing it with comic importance. She gives the full treatment to a lady of the town who has become a call girl. But she is an outdoor girl at heart, the long-limbed, flowing hair, muscular girl that Mr. John Betjeman might put into a poem, and she longs for the wind and rain-swept beat which the new regulations have taken from her. She also manages to galvanize into life a rather witless sketch of spies who take their profession so romantically that they are boastfully willing to die to prove the superior efficacy of their own brand of issue poison.

Miss Myra De Groot is given an effective line in man-hating songs, and Mr. Peter Reeves is potentially a good deadpan revue comedian without much chance to assert his quality. The dancing is always lively, and the producer, Mr. Paddy Stone, keeps things short and crisp. For all its shortcomings it is a revue that never bores, and I hope it will continue to play to audiences as enthusiastic as its first. Everything that came along got deafening applause. To contrast the enthusiasm in the auditorium with what was evoking it on the stage was often to experience a genuine effect of surrealism.

- The play* **PIECES OF EIGHT**  
(Kenneth Williams, Fenella Fielding, Peter Reeves, Myra De Groot). Apollo Theatre
- The films* **LES COUSINS**  
(Jean-Claude Brialy, Gerard Blain, Claude Cerval, Juliette Mayniel). Director Claude Chabrol. "X" Certificate
- WE ARE THE LAMBETH BOYS**  
(Members of an East End Youth Club). Director Karel Reisz
- THE FACE**  
(Max von Sydow, Ingrid Thulin, Naima Wiststrand, Ake Fridell). Director Ingmar Bergman. "X" Certificate
- THE MUMMY**  
(Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Yvonne Furneaux, George Pastell). Director Terence Fisher. "X" Certificate
- A PRIEST IN PIGALLE**  
(Pierre Trabaud, Annie Girardot). Director Leo Joannon. "X" Certificate
- The records* **WILLIE "THE LION" SMITH**  
**PARIS IMPRESSIONS, VOL. II**, by Erroll Garner
- JAZZ GIANTS** by Harry Edison, Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan & Oscar Peterson
- SONNY SIDE UP** by Sonny Stitt, Gillespie & Rollins
- SONNY STITT & THE NEW YORKERS**
- JAZZ PIANO** by Pete Johnson
- The books* **BILLY LIAR**  
by Keith Waterhouse (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.)
- A HERITAGE & ITS HISTORY**  
by Ivy Compton-Burnett (Gollancz, 15s.)
- SPANISH MERCY**  
by Arland Ussher (Gollancz, 18s.)
- WORDS ARE STONES**  
by Carlo Levi (Gollancz, 16s.)



KENNETH WILLIAMS & FENELLA FIELDING in two of the sketches from *Pieces Of Eight*, in which they star. Left: Husband explains to wife at breakfast why he is a casualty in the battle of life. Right: Two enthusiastic recruits to the spy racket, each bent on pushing their own brand of poison



## CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

### Not before the children

M. CLAUDE CHABROL, WHO SEEMS TO be solely responsible for *Les Cousins* (awarded the Grand Prize at the Berlin Film Festival this year), describes his confection as "a comic melodrama." He must have a slightly macabre sense of humour. I couldn't see anything remotely comic about this study of prosperous Parisian beatniks—a nasty, night-mare lot, if you ask me.

Charles (M. Gerard Blain), an earnest young man from the provinces, comes to Paris to study law: he is given a room in the luxury flat of his cousin, Paul (M. Jean-Claude Brialy), a bearded type who modestly claims to be irresistible and apparently *is*—judging by his easy conquests—though it must be admitted that the level of promiscuity is high all round. Paul is supposed to be studying, too, but he is so busy giving wild parties, he just can't spare the time. Charles works like a little beaver, or as well as he can for the constant din, until he falls in love with a clear-eyed slut named Florence (Mlle. Juliette Mayniel)—one of Paul's set.

Florence, attracted by his innocence, would, she says broodingly, like to love him—but she becomes, temporarily, Paul's mistress instead. Charles, who is obviously learning fast, takes this so philosophically, it's really most annoying for Flo: she is quite upset when he tells her calmly he will willingly wait until it's his turn—and immerses himself in his studies. Come the examinations: frivolous Paul passes effortlessly—honest Charles fails dismally, and there is

suicide in the air. Or is it murder? Click, click—the revolver is prepared for "Russian roulette": there will clearly be one beatnik less about the place in the morning—and see if I care.

I much prefer the company of our own less pampered and infinitely less self-conscious younger generation—not the Chelsea set, who could scarcely be more boring if they tried, but the East Enders you can meet in *We Are The Lambeth Boys*, a first-rate documentary-type film dealing, most illuminatingly, with the lives of a couple of hundred working-class teenagers who may or may not be on the delinquent fringe but seem pretty wholesome.

They are shown at their jobs, and at the Youth Club they nightly frequent they are seen desperately dancing, briskly discussing such problems as capital punishment, lapping up the traditional fish and chips, diverting themselves in their own robust way—and though they come from drab homes in grim little streets there are some eminently colourful characters among them. The photography is admirable and music by Mr. Johnny Dankworth is used to great effect.

Herr Ingmar Bergman's latest, *The Face*, belongs to his sombre, mystical mood—up to the last reel, when irony and humour break through. It is set in Sweden in the middle of the 19th century, and the conflict is between rationalism, represented in a flinty, thin-lipped way by Herr Gunnar Bjornstrand, and the supernatural, whose somewhat dubious delegates are Herr

Max von Sydow, a handsome, melancholy mute, so-called "magnetist and magician," and Froken Naima Wifstrand, his eerie old crone of a grandmother, a self-declared witch.

Perhaps the ancient hag is lying when she says she can see into the future—yet she does foretell a suicide which comes to pass. Perhaps the "magnetist" is no more than a mountebank—but at a show arranged at a consul's house to test his powers, he seems to prove himself no mean hypnotist: certainly under his influence a terrified coachman finds himself bound with invisible chains and, to the astonishment and amusement of the company assembled, a police chief's giggling wife is induced to reveal what is, presumably, the squalid truth about her marital life.

The ghastly trick played upon Herr Bjornstrand to reduce him to a state of quivering terror is palpably a trick—and the "magnetist's" assistant (beautiful Froken Ingrid Thulin), his wife disguised as a boy, protests throughout that her husband is a mere penniless charlatan. And yet . . . and yet . . . I do not know whether Herr Bergman is on the side of the supernatural but I can with conviction declare that he has made a spell-binding and haunting film.

Poor Mr. Christopher Lee never seems to get out of the "monster" class. He has the title rôle in *The Mummy*. An outsize figure, swaddled in miles of bandages, he is aroused from a 4,000-year sleep to track down and murder the desecrators of the tomb of an Egyptian princess whom he loved and served. Mr. Peter Cushing gives his usual immaculate performance as an archaeologist involved and Mr. George Pastell is excellent as the mummy's master, a comparatively modern Egyptian who, in a very well-written scene between them, defends, with dignity and no open show of fanaticism, his fanatical belief in the old gods. Just for a



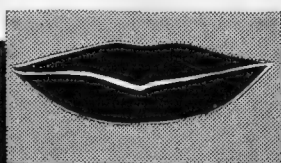
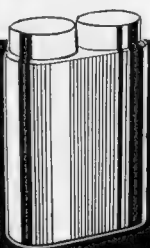
*The spooky family of The Face. The grandmother (Naima Wifstrand, top) claims to be a witch. Below: her hypnotist son (Max von Sydow) and his wife, disguised as a boy (Ingrid Thulin). "A spellbinding and haunting film," says Elspeth Grant*

minute there, they nearly had me taking the darn thing seriously. Mr. Terence has directed this harmless horror-piece with all his customary care and intelligence.

Wading on knee-deep through the "X" Certificates, we come to *A Priest In Pigalle*—the story of one of those clerics who, in ordinary clothes, mingle and work with ordinary people, feeling that this is the best way to spread the Gospel. M. Pierre Trabaud in the title rôle (sincere enough to remind one of M. Pierre Fresnay) slaves away at saving souls and opening oysters among the pimps and prostitutes of Montmartre. It is rough going indeed, but not wholly unrewarding.

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## RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

### Veterans' Week on the piano

THERE IS A CERTAIN FASCINATION about the name of Willie "The Lion" Smith. He was a "daddy" of the Harlem piano school in the early twenties, when Fats Waller and Art Tatum were still serving their apprenticeship in jazz. He also exerted a profound influence on Duke Ellington's piano style. Top Rank have issued his reminiscences, spoken, sung and played as a solo act (RK3015), which is both delightful to hear and mildly educational at the same time. His pounding beat is discernible in the boogie style of another veteran pianist, Pete Johnson. Kansas City was his home, Chicago and New

York his favourite playgrounds. The direct approach in his playing makes a good contrast to Smith's more flamboyant figures. His Top Rank EP (JKR8009) is worth hearing.

Chronologically Earl Hines and Teddy Wilson are descendants of Willie Smith's pioneer work; Hines struck out on his own and Wilson trod the trail blazed by Tatum. Both are well featured in EP reissues on Philips' Olympus series. I doubt whether Erroll Garner would admit to being a member of this heroic school, but I always think of him as the logical successor to Fats. Of course he does not sing,

but he makes up for all that with his impish wit and some more than solid chording. Unlike many contemporary pianists he uses the whole piano, as he proves in his last Philips album (BBL7314).

The progressive school of piano players is represented by Horace Silver, whose clear-thinking imaginative solo work enhances his own arrangements (Philips BBE12267). This matches the effervescent music of Red Garland, another keyboard star of repute. His Esquire EP dates back to a 1956 session, when the nimble-fingered Red was supported by bassist Paul Chambers.

I always seem to be writing about jazz giants, so that it makes a change to find that Columbia has coined the phrase for me (33CX10147). Who are their giants? In the front line you will find Harry Edison on trumpet, producing a tightly muted stabbing line of music; Stan Getz, a top ranking tenor player, whose smooth flowing sound produces a melodic contrast to the trumpeter, and the ubiquitous

Gerry Mulligan, who arranged the routines for this jam session. His baritone is much in evidence, sometimes loosely filling in behind the others, sometimes vociferously honking out its solo pieces. A four-piece rhythm section, led by pianist Oscar Peterson, with Louis Bellson on drums, completes the group.

The Giants' results are good, relaxed and well shaped, but not quite as exciting as the same label's *Sonny side up* (33CX10140), featuring Gillespie, Stitt, and Rollins. Here the soloists have more to say, more space in which to say it, and produce a greater cohesion of effort. Dizzy is exuberant and expansive, just as I heard him in London recently. The two Sonny's vie for the tenor honours in aggressive duels, with Rollins the winner on points. Stitt bounces back with a solo effort on *Vogue* (LAE12191), not quite so fast and furious, but an excellent sampler of the man who inevitably, by virtue of his style, has taken on the mantle of the late lamented Charlie Parker.



## BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

### The undertaker's clerk makes good

SOMETIMES I HAVE A NIGHTMARE about being chased by *The Contemporary Novel*—"contemporary" in the same way as one thinks of a special kind of maimed furniture with brutal iron legs and odd bits chewed out of it here and there. The novel is set in some particularly sodden and unkind piece of provincial England, and it contains a muddled and cheerless young non-hero who has a neurotic habit of making faces and talking to himself, becomes entangled with any number of dismal unappealing girls, and drinks great quantities of beer. I cheered when Jim Dixon first burnt those holes in the blanket, but ever since then my cheer has been growing smaller and fainter, until now it is a sort of strangled cry for deliverance.

It is therefore with an enormous feeling of relief—and a certain amount of amazement—that I find I have regained my voice and can shout the praise of Keith Waterhouse's *Billy Liar*. It is another novel about young-man-struggling-to-escape (this time from a terrible small town called Stradhoughton in Yorkshire) and the non-hero has a good many nervous tics, such as a well-developed fantasy-life which he carelessly allows to spill over into his job as an undertaker's clerk.

But what is special and memorable about *Billy Liar* is that it seems to me to have been written with real and painful compassion—not as a brassy joke at the expense of everyone concerned, not as a modish comic documentary, not as a string of shudders at the hopelessness of it all. Its comedy is savage and sore and yet pitiful, and its picture of a certain kind of ghastly, numb domestic climate of bleak endurance and dislike is about a million miles away from anything for which one could cast Jack Warner and Kathleen Harrison. The book has one scene, the death of Gran (a current classic among young American writers, who handle it very differently), which I think is flawless and masterly.

Billy Fisher comes out of the book white-hot and liable to hurt, without self-pity, but as fearful as a troubled sleep-walker whom you might destroy if you woke him. This is a deeply disturbing, haunting book; even, in a dark way, lyrical, with odd side-effects such as forcing one involuntarily to count one's blessings (though it does so without at all banging those two popular hostile tom-toms Class and Privilege). I love and admire the heart and thinking evident in *Billy*

*Liar*, especially because it has the courage to record a certain kind of tragedy—unheroic because circumstances do not allow it—without turning it into a wry, disenchanted joke.

After this sad, wild poet's caper down the awful streets of Stradhoughton, Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett's latest, *A Heritage & Its History*, seems as formal and politely intimidating as a funeral march played on a spinet. Relentlessly ferocious and unforgiving as ever, this time she contemplates, with a basilisk stare, three generations of blood-chilling, timeless people jockeying courteously and poisonously for an inherited house and title. Characters are whisked away into death, a nephew begets an aunt-in-law's child, heredity will out, people speak truth like swords, incest is narrowly avoided, and the expected Compton-Burnett toddlers make a late appearance to add their fearful aged merriment and ghastly worldly wisdom to the witty slaughter. It is like watching a mass execution while sitting at a very correct dinner party, with the machine-gun bullets whizzing past the same way round as the port, but quicker.

While reading Miss Compton-Burnett I am wholly enthralled (this is indeed necessary, since the only way you know when a character has left the room is when he stops speaking those dispassionate, close-clipped, calm sentences explosive with irony and malevolence, like economical tombstone inscriptions composed by mortal enemies of the dead). Indeed I am convinced until

the last page that this is the last word on English family life through the ages—Neanderthal man probably meant as much, though his resources of self-expression were more limited. It is only later that I begin to long desperately for someone to exhibit some sign of the vulnerable human physical condition—laugh, cry, scream, crawl under a chair and beg never to have to come out. After any Compton-Burnett novel you need a short course of horror-films to regain your nerve and your taste for comparatively normal living.

Finally, two excellent travel books: Arland Ussher's *Spanish Mercy*, an enormously entertaining, sympathetic, illuminating and digressive account of a Spanish journey made by an Irish Protestant and fugitive from the fogs of Dublin. Mr. Ussher is a seductive writer (part of the book's magic is that he raises so many hares, not all of them Spanish either, that you long to turn the monologue into a conversation) and like all the best travel books it is as informative about the author as it is about the country of his travels.

*Words Are Stones* by Carlo Levi is a very beautiful, fiercely vivid and freshly written book about Sicily which, with humility and coolness and no overheated missionary zeal, stabs a little dagger of truth into you on every page. On a subject where it is all too easy to appeal simply to the emotions in the presence of extreme hardship, misery and injustice, Levi is too wise and balanced a man and too fine a writer not to make one think.



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## BEAUTY

by JEAN CLELAND

# How to de-tan

WHEN AT THIS TIME OF YEAR YOU find people saying sadly "It's gone off," they are not as a rule referring to the milk or the Camembert cheese, but to their sun tan, beginning to fade to a sallowness and far from becoming.

Left to itself, this between and betwixt shade is apt to hang about indefinitely, looking dull and dreary. If you want to bring your complexion back to normal, and have it all fresh and fair for new dresses and winter parties, you must go in for some de-tanning treatments.

I asked three of the leading beauty salons to advise effective ways of clearing and lightening the skin, either by treatment in the salons or at home.

Maria Hornès of Davis Street specializes in a peeling treatment for dealing with a skin that, deeply tanned, leaves a discoloration stubborn and difficult to banish. There are, as you doubtless know, many layers of skin, and to shed the top one once in a while is not only beautifying but beneficial. It removes the surface waste and clears

the way to the new skin underneath.

This treatment is very simple. First the face and neck are washed with a special soap. "Peeling" cream is then applied and left on for 10 minutes. This brings the circulation up to the surface, and flakes away the top layer of tired, dingy-looking skin. It also tightens any slackness and leaves a firmer texture. In addition to removing the remains of sun tan, this treatment is excellent for acne, and for doing away with the little brown patches which often appear on the face and the hands, especially as people grow older.

A skin that has taken the sun more lightly can be dealt with in slightly milder fashion. Maria Hornès has a good treatment that can be done at home. It consists of daily massage with two creams, lemon and camphor, which make the skin look clear and radiant.

Elizabeth Arden has an anti-brown masque treatment, specially recommended to non-Londoners, as this salon treatment is available both in Bond Street and wherever Arden treatments are given in shops and stores all over the country. It can also be done at home simply.

First cleanse the skin, then massage with Orange Skin Food which is rich and nourishing. Apply the anti-brown masque evenly all

over the face except under the eyes where the skin is delicate, and on the cheek-bones if there is any tendency to red veins. After a few minutes you will get a tingling feeling which means that the masque is stimulating the circulation. It should then be removed and followed with massage, using first a moisture oil and then the Orange Skin Food. When the skin is back to normal, Elizabeth Arden advises using Bleachine Cream every now and then to keep it smooth and white.

For those with a skin that not only needs de-tanning but is inclined to be relaxed with open pores, Lancôme's *Empreinte de Beauté* mask is particularly good. Almost a liquid, this mask tightens, reconditions, stimulates and whitens. *Empreinte de Beauté* is done as a treatment in the Lancôme Salon in Grosvenor Street, or can be had for use at home. Directions should be followed carefully especially when the skin is dry, when a little additional treatment is necessary.

Cleanse the skin, and if it is dry, apply a thin layer of *Nutrix* which can also be had from Lancôme. For an oily skin this can be omitted. Spread the mask evenly over the face, keeping it well away from the area round the eyes. Leave on for about 15 or 20 minutes, then sponge off with warm water and finish by patting with skin tonic.

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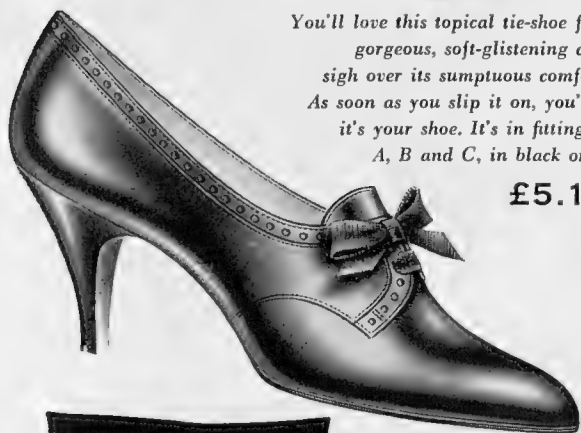




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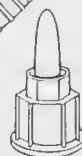
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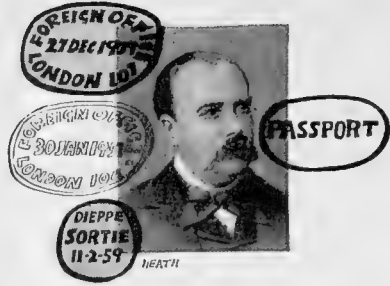
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by DOONE BEAL

## Transatlantic travel

THIS YEAR, THE SMART PLACE TO GO was undoubtedly Russia. I attended one party after another where the newly-returned visitor held a table spellbound for morsels of information. Was it true that there was a "down" on vodka? That the dams on the Volga had put the sturgeon off the all-important business of producing caviare? But my bet is that in 1960 it is America that a good many travellers (the non-expense kind) will be seeing for the first time.

Without friends to visit in the States, the £100 allowance—reckoned to be subsistence for three weeks—can be restrictive. But it may yet be softened up, and the visa problem, which used to take a morning at the Embassy, has now been ironed out to a mere 15 minutes so long as you oblige with the right forms.

The fare, of course, is payable in sterling (if you travel on an American ship you even get a dollar allowance for expenses on board). However, the actual crossing makes a large gap in anybody's currency. Luxury class by air, it costs £321 10s. return. By sea, first-class return is about the same on either of the big Cunarders or the United States—although naturally you pay more for a suite. At the other end of the scale, the cheapest air passage to New York—the Economy flight—is £165 5s., and by sea, tourist class with no private shower, it can be pared down to as little as £140 return on some of the smaller liners.

The four transatlantic classes by air are easily defined, with elbow room, reclining seats, and the amount and quality of free food and drink the guiding factors. By sea, the price scale is more complicated, depending on age, weight, speed and accommodation of the ship. For example, the minimum first-class single fare on the Queen Elizabeth is £147 for a five-day crossing; £125 10s. on the Mauretania (seven days), and £104 10s. on the Parthia, an all first-class ship which sails from Liverpool and takes eight days. I paid the same to travel cabin class in the United States, sharing an outside cabin and

shower, on a five-day crossing. Which raises the personal issue: travelling anything less than top price first class, there are some important compromises to be made.

If you are travelling alone, there is the problem of sharing a cabin with a stranger (mine was a German lady who snored to the echo, and I swore never to share a cabin again). To other people, however, this is less important than having a private shower or an outside cabin, which in my opinion is the least valid claim of all, because inside cabins are usually very well ventilated.

In nearly all the transatlantic liners, the class barriers are rigidly enforced—as I remember in the huge United States when I plunged down one corridor after another, looking for the cabin-class companionway. But if you do not mind being denied the caviare canapés and the general glitter of the first-class bar, or access to the grillroom or the night club, you may well have a more comfortable trip by paying for top price cabin accommodation rather than for minimum first class. The magnificent new s.s. Rotterdam has only two classes, first and tourist, but—unusually—practically all non-tourist cabins have a private shower, and the top tourist rates are only £103, single fare.

Having crossed the Atlantic in a variety of ways, I go along with the theory that once at sea and a couple of days extra neither here nor there the smaller, slower ships such as the Flandre, America, Mauretania and Parthia are the most pleasant. For my own taste, too much effort is made in the big ones to persuade me that I am not at sea at all. Time-shortage or not, I strongly recommend the price-conscious to fly Economy class rather than travel by the cheapest sea accommodation. One other consideration: reductions of about seven per cent apply to westbound passages between 1 November and 21 June; east-bound, between 23 August and 14 April. Next year, a 10 per cent additional round trip reduction is also available during the off-season periods but there may be a slight increase in the normal rates by sea.



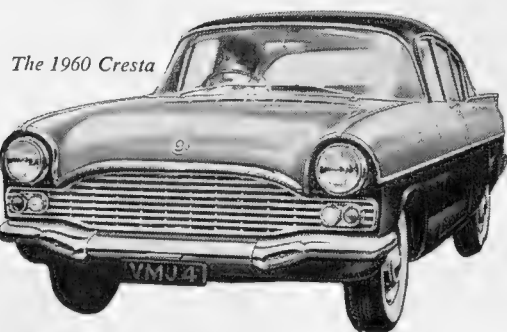
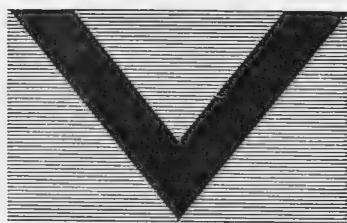
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Opel's new Kapitän

## Long, low and handsome

MOTORING BY GORDON WILKINS

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING aspects of the Frankfurt Motor Show was the emergence of a definite European silhouette for modern cars. European designers and the people who buy European cars are showing less and less interest in the flamboyant inventions of American stylists, which are designed to create artificial obsolescence and force people to buy a new car every year. The European line is predominantly hard-edged, with big windows, long, speedy lines and high rear wings which are developed into a moderate suggestion of fins, but only enough to give the driver sighting points in confined parking spaces.

Curiously enough, the world's biggest car manufacturer, the General Motors Corporation, has been sadly caught out by this development. In the United States they have led the search for new and exotic shapes and reaped big sales rewards. I drove a 1959 Chevrolet Impala the other day, and had the impression that I was being followed by a giant manta ray as I caught occasional glimpses of the enormous outward curving fins behind me. But American style gimmicks, translated after a lapse of time on to European models, have not caught on so well. Their British company, Vauxhall, had to spend a lot of money re-styling the Victor to bring it into line with the new European trend and in Germany, G.M. have just had an even more expensive lesson. Their big, bold American-styled Opel Kapitän (in my view a handsome car of its kind) has been such a flop that they have had to scrap it after only a year and bring out a new model with entirely new body and larger engine. Misjudgment on that scale can cost millions of pounds.

Comparing the silhouette of the new Opel Kapitän with those of the Austin A99, the Mercedes 220 and the new 2.3-litre Borgward, shows that this time the style is right in line with the European trend. They would have done better to omit the wrap-round windscreen, which obstructs the door opening unnecessarily, and the steering and

suspension still have too much of the American softness for many European drivers, but as a car it represents a significant change in G.M. policy.

No one has done more to establish this independent European style than Pinin Farina, the small, thick-set, ruddy-complexioned Italian whose genius for the evolution of elegant lines and forms in sheet metal has made him one of the world's arbiters of automobile style. He recently returned from a 65,000-mile world tour which took four months and I heard something about it over lunch in Frankfurt.

He was received by President Eisenhower and found him enthusiastic about the pleasures of driving small cars. There was no opportunity for a round of golf, although Farina is a regular player. He plays to a handicap of 16. His son Sergio used to play to 12, but as he has taken over the main responsibility for running the business in association with his brother-in-law Renzo Carli, his handicap has increased.

Throughout his tour, Farina has seen nowhere he would rather live than Italy, and no city he would rather live in than Rome. For the man who is called in by the world's greatest car manufacturers to devise new styles which will increase their sales prefers to live in the centre of a city because it simplifies one's personal transport problems.

However, he remains an enthusiastic motorist. He has several cars, but the one he most enjoys driving is his Gran Turismo Ferrari.

"I like to drive a fast, exacting car, because it keeps one young," he told me. "If you drive a silent, softly sprung car with automatic transmission, power-assisted steering and every possible gadget to simplify driving, it is easy for the mind to wander away to business problems. My Ferrari absorbs my whole attention. It gives me a complete change of activity and I finish a trip in it thoroughly refreshed."

Could it be that the whole trend of modern automobile engineering is heading in the wrong direction?

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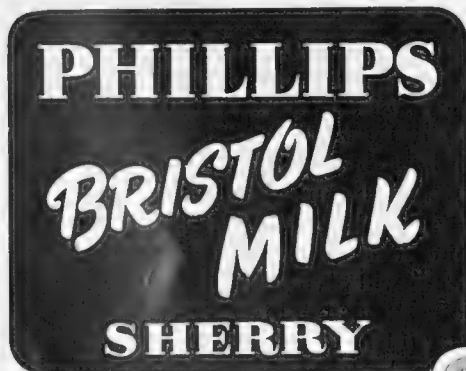
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## DINING IN

## A ham-tasting, too

by HELEN BURKE



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On this occasion Londoners eat as they did when the English were famous enchermermen, as they rarely do today. And they will take their time, in compliance to chefs who also have taken time, and immense pains.

When it is almost over, many glasses will be filled with the sweet essence of the South, Grand Marnier. More practically, the city men will honour their palates with a digestif, a mellow liqueur made for this especial purpose: Grand Marnier, the only fine champagne cognac liqueur.

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Grand Marnier

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HEATH

IT WAS AN INSPIRATION OF GUY Prince's to choose six hams for his wine-tasting this year, to prove that mellow English hams go well with wine. He chose six kinds: York triple peat-smoked, Wiltshire treacle-cured, Worcester and Suffolk sugar-cured, Devon dry-cured and York unsmoked. Mild unsmoked York ham seems to be as popular in France as it is here, and goes with almost any wine. I have it on the authority of Mr. Prince that English cured hams will go with *all* wines—white or red, Bordeaux or Burgundy, sweet or dry, sparkling or still.

All dark smoked hams have their "perfume" flavour in the skins. When choosing one, inhale through the skin to judge what the taste of the cooked ham will be. Hams should never boil. Here are the instructions for cooking a Seagers' Suffolk or Wiltshire ham. Soak it in cold water for not fewer than 48 hours, changing the water after 24 hours. Cover the ham with cold water and bring it slowly to just under boiling point. Continue to simmer, seeing that the temperature is maintained at about 180 degrees Fahr., until the ham is cooked according to the following times (from the time the water reaches nearly boiling point): 10 lb., 3½ hours; 12 lb., 3¾ hours; 13 lb., 4 hours; 14 lb., 4½ hours; 15 lb., 5 hours, and 16 lb., 5½ hours.

Do not take the ham out of the water immediately after it is cooked, but leave it to soak for an hour in its own liquor.

Devon smoked hams are often referred to as "picnic" hams and are more often used for home cooking than larger ones.

But anyone who can afford to buy a whole ham would be well advised to have it cooked by the firm from which it is bought. Fortnum's, for instance, charge 15s. for cooking a ham bought from them. Their chefs are so experienced that there is no fear of the ham being under-done or over-cooked. Still, I do not expect that any devoted cook will take that piece of advice, because one of her real pleasures is to cook a ham!

Apart from the hams, the menu at Mr. Prince's tastings is always as interesting to me as the wines. Here are some of the items on this year's: Orkney lobsters, Dogger Bank turbot, saddle of Southdown lamb, baron of Scotch beef, game pie and English cheeses galore—Double Gloucester, Blue Cheshire, Wensleydale and Stilton. As if that weren't enough, there were gallons of fruit salad and pounds of Devonshire cream.

To think  
I waited so long!

What in the world was holding me back, I'll never know! But I was *forever* putting off my decision to change to Tampax—never quite ready to try it, yet secretly envying anyone who *did*!

It was one of the *very* girls I envied who helped me decide! *She* told me all about Tampax, how wonderful it is, how *simple* and *easy* it is to use. (Tampax takes only seconds to insert and change.) She told me, too, how Tampax *free*s you from odour worries, from problems of disposal and carrying "spares".

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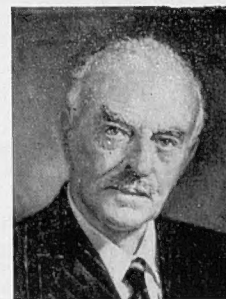
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(Continued from previous page)

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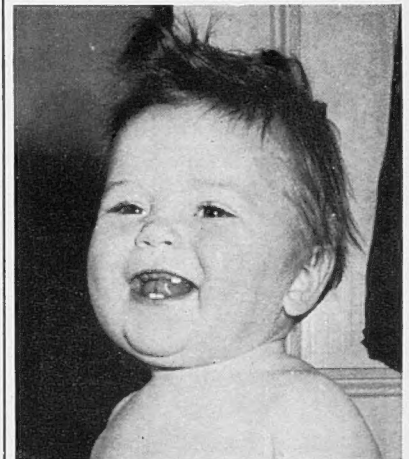
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